

I The Hort. Wife.

Shes' my Myrt-~~le~~ my ~~Lea~~-an-rine,  
My Sunflower my Sweet Mar-jos-june,  
My Honey-Buckle, my Tea-life my Vi-o-let  
My Hollyhock my Dahlie, my Mig-non-ette.

Ch: Oh! Oh!! Shes' a fickle wild rose,  
A Damask a Cabbage my own China rose.

II

Shes' my snowdrop my Ra-nunc-cu-lus,  
My Hyacinth my Gillyflower my Pally-an-thus.  
My Heartease my Pinks my Water-lily,  
My Buttercup my Daisy, my Daffy-down-dilly.

Oh! Oh!! &c. &c.

III

We have grown up together like two Apple trees,  
We have clung to each other like Double-Sweet-Pears;  
But now they're going to prune her, I pland her in a pot,  
Where I am left to weather neglected & forgot.

Oh! Oh!! &c. &c.

IV

I am like a creeping plant that has lost its stick,  
Or a cherry that is left for the Wickeybirds to pick;  
Like a wateringpot I'll weep, like a Plover I'll sigh,  
Like a Mushroom I'll weather like a Cucumber I'll die.

Oh! Oh!! &c. &c.

V

I am like a Bumble bee that doesn't know where to  
 She's a Dandelion, and a stinging nettle; (Settle,  
 My head is like a Beet-root Choked with chickweed,  
 And my heart is like a Pumpkin all pum to seed.  
 Oh! Oh!!

VI

I've a good mind to make myself a Felo-de-se,  
 And finish all my woes on the branch of a tree;  
 But I won't — For I know at my kicking (you would  
 And honour my death with a double encore! (roar!  
 Oh! Oh!!